Stormwatch #2:
"Cogele El Golpe" (trans: Grab the Beating)
First Draft - 2/01/02

by
Micah Ian Wright

Wildstorm Comics
888 Prospect Avenue
La Jolla, CA 92037

PAGE 1

PANEL ONE

Widescreen panel, one-quarter page tall. A nice room in the PLAZA HOTEL. A naked man, CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY, sits upright under the bedcovers. On his lap is a room service tray littered with the scraps of his breakfast. He reads a London Times. The bed and floor next to him are covered in male and female clothing torn off in a burst of passion leading from the front door of the hotel room to the bedside. The door to the hotel bathroom is open. Steam pours out.

CAPTION
Plaza Hotel, New York City, 0745.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Quarter page tall, half page wide. Pinckney has the newspaper lowered, he looks around with a confused look on his face.

SOUND EFX
BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP

PINCKNEY
What the bloody hell is that?

PANEL THREE

Quarter page tall, half page wide. ANGLE ON the bedside table. A wallet, an electronic hotel card-key, a pair of cuff links and a STORMWATCH FETISH sit atop the table. The fetish is LIT UP and BEEPING. Pinckney's hand reaching for the fetish.

SOUND EFX
BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP

PANEL FOUR

Quarter page tall, full page wide. Pickney speaking into the Stormwatch Fetish.

PINCKNEY
Good Morning, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney speaking.

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
Pinckney, this is Colonel Ben Santini, your new C.O. at Stormwatch and I'm in a world of shit. Are you watching television?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

Quarter page tall, full page wide. Pinckney points a remote control at the hotel suite's television set, tastefully placed inside a wooden armoire. To the left of the panel, steam continues to pour out of the bathroom. There's a surprise in there for later.

PINCKNEY
No sir, I am not. Is it a requirement for the job?

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
It is today. Turn it on.

PAGE 2

PANEL ONE

Half page high, full page wide. TV Screen filled with the image of the BURNING UNITED NATIONS building. The big tower is in tatters... holes in the side of the building, flames jetting out of broken windows, etc. A reporter breathlessly reports on the situation.

CRN REPORTER
-flames shooting from the United Nations building, the New York Fire Department pinned down by two Superpowered terrorists, unable to do anything but hide and pray-

PANEL TWO

Quarter page high, half page wide. TV screen shows a line of policemen hiding behind their cop cars. The Silver Scarab's ship hovers menacingly in the distance, above the parking lot of the building. It's mandible-guns fire thousands of rounds towards the camera and cops.

CRN REPORTER
CRN has confirmed that this is the attack ship of the French mercenary, Steel Scarab, last seen fighting for the Serbian military-

PANEL THREE

Quarter page high, half page wide. A blurry telephoto lens shot of Ash Shams as he flies in fiery loops in front of the burning, wrecked building

CRN REPORTER
CRN has no confirmation of this terrorist's identity. He has already destroyed four fighter jets which engaged him in the airspace above the city.

PANEL FOUR

Quarter page tall, full page wide. Close on Pinckney's face, mouth open, numb. Imagine how you felt on September 11th when those fucks hit the WTC buildings.

CRN REPORTER (O.S.)
No word yet on reports that additional terrorists inside the UN are holding several dozen high-ranking UN officials hostage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
I’m in the UN Stormwatch bunker. We’re undetected so far, but we’ve killed one of the terrorists and taken another one alive so they’re going to figure out we’re here any second now.

PAGE 3

PANEL ONE

Quarter page tall, full page wide. Pinckney talking into the handheld fetish radio. Behind him, a tall blonde woman, GALENA GOLOVIN is stepping out of the bathroom, a towel around her head, another around her chest/midriff. Her face holds a stunned look as she stares at the TV.

PINCKNEY
What do you need me to do, Colonel?

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
I know you're not active duty for two weeks, Pinckney, but I need you and Captain Golovin to get dressed and rendezvous with the NYPD and National Guard outside the UN building.

PANEL TWO

Quarter page tall, full page wide. Pinckney, confused. Golovin staring at him, angry.

PINCKNEY
Err... and where will I meet with this Captain Golovin, Colonel Santini?

GOLOVIN (O.S.)
Charlie? Who is on some phone?

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
Don't worry, you can't miss her...

PANEL THREE

Quarter page tall, full page wide. In the UN basement HQ of the new Stormwatch. Lights are out, Shot on Santini and Tefibi, their faces lit up by the lights of the TV monitors in front of them. Santini speaks into a sat-phone.

The monitor has a computer blueprint schematic of the Plaza Hotel on it. Pinckney's room is highlighted in yellow. Inside is a square blue dot and a round pink dot. Onscreen numbers and letters read: GPS - SatLink Established - LAT 40.42.51 N/LON 74.00.23 HGT 84F/26M - Plaza Hotel, 768 5th Ave Central Park S, New York, NY USA - ROOM 714

SANTINI
...Galena Golovin's the naked woman stepping out of your shower.

PANEL FOUR

Quarter page tall, half page wide. Tefibi and Santini smile widely at Pinckney's discomfort.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTINI

Or did you not catch her name when you picked her up in the hotel bar last night?

PANEL FIVE

Quarter page tall, half page wide. On Santini and Coleman. All business again.

SANTINI

Don’t worry, Sergeant. I don’t give a good goddamn what you do on your time off. I’m uploading a warehouse location into your Stormwatch fetish. We’re a bit short on some office supplies and there’s a few items I need for you to retrieve for before coming here...

PAGE 4

PANEL ONE

Quarter page tall, full page wide. A snowed-in log cabin in a snow drift. It’s dark. An elk chews at a pine tree branch in the background. Rustic.

CAPTION
Hyvinkää, Finland

PANEL TWO

Quarter page tall, full page wide. Inside the long, one-room log cabin. The furniture is sparse and hand-made... ugly even. A heavy punching bag hangs in one corner. There’s also a multi-armed wooden karate practice dummy, a speedbag and an old-fashioned bench press with a TON of weight on it. It’s a very low-tech gym.

A man stands with his back to camera, dressing in the heavy-duty Stormwatch close-combat uniform. He wears no shirt. His back is covered with thick ropy scars indicative of the type of wound one gets when metal violates human flesh. This is JUKKO HÄMÄLÄINEN.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Quarter page tall, full page wide. CLOSE UP on Jukko. A flash of light illuminates him. His face is horrifying… it's heavily scarred and oddly deformed from being surgically reassembled. Despite all that, he’s oddly compelling looking. Like he’s still a nice guy under all that horror.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

Quarter page tall, half page wide. A glowing teleport oval, similar to the rectangular “door” as seen in “The Authority.” Instead of golden yellow, though, this teleport oval is a swirling blood red in color. Stepping out of the portal is the exact opposite of Jukko, a gorgeous, pretty-boy, wearing full Stormwatch close-combat armor... this is JAEGER WEISS. They shake hands.

JUKKO
Welcome to Finland. I’m Jukko Hämäläinen.

JAEGER
Hello. Jaeger Weiss. German Grenzschutzgruppe-9. Stormwatch, now, I suppose.

PANEL FIVE

Quarter page tall, half page wide. The teleport oval slides shut behind Jaeger. Jaeger points to Jukko’s scarred face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUKKO

I was with Finland’s Osasto Karhusta. Before we were all killed. Have you been doing this job for long?

JAEGER

Not as long as your face has, evidently.

PAGE 5

PANEL ONE

One-third page tall, half page wide. CLOSE ON JUKKO. His eyes narrowed, nostrils flared. He's scary. Really scary.

JUKKO
Most people cannot speak after seeing my face the first time. You make funny jokes.

PANEL TWO

One-third page tall, half page wide. CLOSE ON JAEGER. He smiles broadly. Big Pearly Whites. Clint Eastwood in the 60s. Gorgeous.

JAEGER
You think you're ugly? No. This furniture, now this is ugly. Did you make it all by yourself or did the local beavers also help?

PANEL THREE

One-third page tall, full page wide. Two shot Jukko smiles. It's not a pretty thing.

JUKKO
You have a good sense of humor for a German. Yes, I carved the furniture myself.

JAEGER
Good. Could you carve me a weapon out of a log? Stormwatch seems to have run out of guns.

JUKKO
Oh, guns I leave to the professionals.

PANEL FIVE

One-third page tall, full page wide. One of Jukko's walls swings open like a closet door, revealing a gigantic softly lit gun rack filled with exotic automatic weapons of all types. Jaeger's face is filled with a childlike glee. He rubs his hands together.

JAEGER
I love you Finns. You seem so harmless on the outside, but under that calm surface...

JUKKO
Finland was invaded and burnt to the ground back in the 40s. By Germans. Tends to make a country cautious.

JAEGER
Or paranoid.

CONTINUED:

JUKKO
Just don’t smoke near my home and we’ll be great friends.

Pay special attention to the body language between these two: We're out establish that these men are the complete antithesis of one another's personality and that's the secret behind their friendship.

PAGE 6

PANEL ONE

Quarter page tall, full page wide. A hot South Carolina morning. Two army Military Police, MP STAFF SGT. GEORGE AND SGT. SHARTT squat behind a humvee, staring at a military barracks in the distance. These are two total losers. Think about PREACHER morons. MP George shouts into a megaphone.

CAPTION
Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

MP GEORGE
Look, Sgt. MacDonald, just come out of the building and we'll talk about this calmly...

PANEL TWO

Quarter page tall, full page wide. The two MPs cower behind the Humvee. Bullets stream above the edges of the vehicle

MP GEORGE
Fuck me! Now what?

MP SHARTT
We wait for him to run out of ammo, then rush in and overpower him.

MP GEORGE
He's Delta Force. He'd tear your stupid head off.

MP SHARTT
Oh yeah. Tear gas?

MP GEORGE
And then what? I'm not real keen on flushing this guy out. He's bound to be half out of his mind.

PANEL THREE

Quarter page tall, full page wide. George and Shartt grab one another's shoulders, looks of pure happiness on their faces.

MP GEORGE / MP SHARTT
CISCO!

PANEL FOUR

Quarter page tall, two thirds page wide. Inside the barracks. SGT. MACDONALD, a mean looking red-headed motherfucker of a Delta Force commando has stacked metal ammo boxes under the wooden windowsill to stop the MPs' small arms fire. An M-16 is propped up next to the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A half-folded piece of paper titled “PETITION FOR DIVORCE” lies half-crumpled in the foreground. MacDonald screams into a cel phone he holds in his left hand. In his right hand is a .45 Automatic pushed up to his right temple. Tears stream down his face, snot runs out of his nose. It’s not a good day for him.

MACDONALD

You happy, bitch? This is all your fault! You’ll be sorry when I’m dead!

CISCO (O.S.)

She just dumped you. Why would she care if you were dead?

PANEL FIVE

Quarter page tall, one third page wide. Upangle shot of LUIS CISCO. He’s wearing the same uniform as the idiots outside, big black MP marker on his sleeve.

MACDONALD (O.S.)

Cisco!

CISCO

Morning, Gary. You wanna keep any of your dignity, you’d best hang up on the lady before she hears you get beat like a steel drum.

PAGE 7

PANEL ONE

Quarter page tall, full page wide. The same shot as Page 6, Panel 2: the two MPs hiding, crouched behind the Humvee, the barracks in the distance.

SOUND EFX
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

MP GEORGE
Shit. Guess he musta got Cisco.

MP SHARTT
Guy was overrated. Always hotdogging.

MP GEORGE
You think I could score with his lady?

MP SHARTT
Which one?

MP GEORGE
I dunno. Any of 'em?

PANEL TWO

Quarter page tall, half page wide. WHAM! The unconscious body of Sgt. MacDonald slams down between the two pussy MPs. They jump in shock and surprise.

CISCO (O.S.)
You couldn't score against the Special Olympics hockey squad.

PANEL THREE

Quarter page tall, half page wide. Cisco stands on the opposite side of the humvee from the two MPs, dusting off his shirt with his hands.

CISCO
How about next time you two pussies take out your own trash? I'm getting sick of wiping your sorry asses.

PANEL FOUR

Quarter page tall, full page wide. MP George leans into Cisco's face. Cisco is bemused by the berating. He smirks. The radio in the Humvee squawks in the foreground.

MP GEORGE
You will refer to Sgt. Shartt and I by our proper ranks, Specialist!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADIO VOICE
Hey Bob? Is Cisco out there with you? He’s got an important call on the horn from New York City.

CISCO
‘Scuse me there, Sgt. Bob.

PANEL FIVE

Quarter page tall, full page wide. Cisco on the mike, ignoring MP George.

CISCO
Central, this is Cisco, go ahead.

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
Luis, it’s Ben Santini. I’ve got five superfreaks burning down the UN. I’m offering you an immediate transfer to my new UN Stormwatch team. You want in?

PAGE 8

PANEL ONE

Third page tall, full page wide. Cisco smiles big and flips MP George the bird. George steams.

CISCO
Man, Santini, you shoulda called me weeks ago. I'd clean your pool for a living if it meant getting out of this chickenshit outfit.

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
Glad to hear it. Not that you had a choice since I'd already arranged your transfer with your base commander. Now walk through the glowing circle.

PANEL TWO

Third page tall, half page wide. One of the red teleport holes opens up in front of Cisco.

CISCO
Christ, Santini, can't I take a plane?

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
Sorry, Luis, but I need you right now.

CISCO
This job better come with a big pay raise, cabron.

PANEL THREE

Third page tall, half page wide. Close on Cisco, the red teleporter light reflecting on his face. He grits his teeth and closes his eyes and talks to himself.

CISCO
Don't open your eyes, don't open your eyes...

PANEL FOUR

Third page tall, full page wide. Cisco walks through the red, glowing circle. An outraged MP George stands by the Humvee, complaining. Behind him, an angry MacDonald has woken up and is sitting upright on the Humvee's hood. MP Shartt is running away in the background.

MP GEORGE
Where the Hell do you think you're going, Cisco? That's it, you're AWOL, Hotshot!

CISCO
Might wanna look behind you there, Bob.

PAGE 9

PANEL ONE

Third page tall, full page wide. Stormwatch basement HQ. The red teleport circle is open and Cisco is stepping out of it, eyes still closed, hand over his mouth as if trying to keep from throwing up. Santini and Coleman stand, watching him. Tefibi is seated, crouched over the machine's control panel.

CAPTION
New York City. UN Stormwatch Headquarters.

CISCO
Hrmmmrrrph!

SANTINI
Pleasant trip, amigo?

PANEL THREE

Third page tall, half page wide. On Cisco, pissed.

CISCO
Santini, jefe, it's bad enough to look at but that smell is freaking horrible! Christ, it's been a year!

PANEL FOUR

Third page tall, half page wide. On Santini, serious.

SANTINI
That's what eight million rotting dead bodies smells like. Think of it as a reminder of why we're necessary.

PANEL FIVE

Third page tall, full page wide. Cisco looks down at the heavily duct-taped terrorist HAMAT from the previous issue. Hamat's unconscious, head lolled on his shoulder. Coleman stands next to him, his hand on Hamat's shoulder.

CISCO
So what's going on? Who's the mummy? And why's he pretending to be asleep?

COLEMAN
Huh? Pretending?

PAGE 10

PANEL ONE

Third page tall, half page wide. Surprise! He wasn't unconscious after all! Hamat bites Coleman's hand.

COLEMAN (O.S.)
Yaaaaahh! Motherfucker!

PANEL TWO

Third page tall, half page wide. Cisco punches Hamat in the side of the head. His mouth pops open, letting go of Coleman's hand.

HAMAT
Urk!

CISCO
Goddammit, Coleman, keep your hands to yourself! You're like a two-year old!

PANEL THREE

Third page tall, full page wide. Coleman nurses his hand. Santini looks down into Hamat's face. Hamat's face is filled with rage.

COLEMAN
Son of a bitch bit me!

HAMAT
Elif air ab dinich!

SANTINI
You're the one who fucks their religion, buddy. You don't see me out killing innocent people in the name of the Pope.

PANEL FOUR

Third page tall, full page wide. On Hamat and Santini in the foreground, in the BG, Coleman and Cisco dig through the pile of Hamat's guns, arming themselves.

SANTINI
Coleman, Cisco, arm yourselves with this asshole's guns.

HAMAT
Those weapons are holy. They execute the will of Allah, all praise be unto him. The tools of God will not work for you, filth.

PAGE 11

PANEL ONE

Third page tall, half page wide. Coleman with a BIG GUN to Hamat's head. Hamat smiles, Coleman's blood still on his chin and teeth. CREEPY!

COLEMAN
Let's just put that to the test.

SOUND EFX
CLICK.

PANEL TWO

Third page tall, half page wide. On Santini and Tefibi.

TEFIBI
The weapons must be keyed to his nervous system. They won't work in anyone's hands but his.

SANTINI
Well. We'll just have to borrow his holy hands, then won't we?

PANEL THREE

Third page tall, half page wide. Santini holds the bio-scanner from Issue #1 over Hamat's hands. An X-ray type image shows a black stripe running through each of his fingers.

SANTINI
Here we go. Coded firing wires. Tefibi, what'd you pull up on the computer about this guy?

PANEL FOUR

Third page tall, half page wide. On Tefibi, staring at his computer. The Geek. Pictures of Hamat and Hamoq and text appear on his screen.

TEFIBI
They're twins. Hamat and Hamoq. Means "Intelligent Anger" and "Uncontrollable Fury." They're wanted for that terrorist attack at Egypt's Great Pyramid last year. They killed 39 high school students on a summer study trip.

PANEL FIVE

Third page tall, half page wide. Hamoq stares smugly at Santini. Santini pulls Coleman's combat knife from its sheath on Coleman's leg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMOQ
Their unclean presences desecrated our country’s historical sites.

SANTINI
That’s all I needed to hear.

PANEL SIX

Third page tall, half page wide. Santini standing over Hamat, back to camera, his body obscuring Hamat’s. Hamat is jerking violently in his chair.

HAMAT
What are Youaaaaaaagh!

SANTINI
Quit squirming, scumbag. This is nothing compared to what I did to your brother.

PAGE 12

PANEL ONE

Third page tall, full page wide. Santini stands away from Hamat slightly. His shirt is covered in blood, as are Hamat's bound hands. He's holding two metal strips which drip blood and gore. He's torn them out of Hamat's fingers. This shouldn't be pleasant in any fashion. Tefibi blanches at panel left.

TEFIBI
I'm going to throw up.

HAMAT
Mmmmmraaaaaaagh!

SANTINI
Someone put a sock in this murderer's mouth and tourniquet his wrists. I don't want him bleeding out all over my floor before the psych team can brainsuck him later.

PANEL TWO

Third page tall, half page wide. Smiling, Coleman duct tapes a folded up towel into Hamat's mouth.

COLEMAN
Gonna be hard to shoot any more kids without your trigger fingers, huh?

PANEL THREE

Third page tall, half page wide. In the foreground, Cisco holds one of Hamat's beam weapons. It's all lit up. He has the firing wire wrapped around his forefinger.

CISCO
Good call, Santini. This takes care of me and Coleman. What about everybody else?

COLEMAN
Yeah, this guy's out of finger wires and his small arms stuff's not going to handle those two outside the UN, anyway.

PANEL FOUR

Third page tall, half page wide. Santini sits, clutching his side in pain.

SANTINI
Jukko owns enough guns to start World War Three. He's loaning a few to the German guy, Jaeger. I don't think Jukko even likes to use a gun, though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

Third page tall, half page wide. Cisco looks up from wrapping two towels around Hamat’s hands with Duct tape. Santini in the foreground.

CISCO
No gun? What kinda psycho unit you draft me into here, Santini?

SANTINI
Smile when you say that, Luis. They’re about to be your new best friends. And as for the two Superfucks outside, you guys forget I’ve got two on the outside, too.

PAGE 13

PANEL ONE

Third page tall, full page wide. A huge Special Package Service (SPS logos everywhere) warehouse. Charles Pinckney and Galena Golovin stand in front of fat, bored longshoreman in a stained SPS jumpsuit.

CAPTION
Special Packages Service central sorting warehouse. New York City.

PINCKNEY
Look, old boy, I’ve shown you my United Nations Identification!

FAT SPS GUY
Look, Mister Belve-fuckin-dere, them crates is bonded, and I ain’t bout to release ‘em to your royal ass just you got a shiny little badge.

PANEL TWO

Third page tall, half page wide. Galena Golovin points a 9mm pistol in the Fat Man’s face. Pinckney covers his face in embarassment.

GOLOVIN
Get the crates, little fat man, or I will make you into a little fat woman.

FAT SPS GUY
Hey, lady, you want the crates, they’re yours.

PANEL THREE

Third page tall, half page wide. Pinckney and Golovin.

PINCKNEY
I could have done that.

GOLOVIN
But you didn’t. You are too meek, English.

PINCKNEY
That’s not what you said last night, luv.

GOLOVIN
Your memory is weak. That is EXACTLY what I said last night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Third page tall, full page wide. Outside the UN. The remaining NYPD and Firetrucks have pulled back to a safe distance. The street is littered with burning cars and charred skeletons. The Steel Scarab’s bugship hovers in the middle of the street. Circling the building high in the air and far in the background is the flame trail of Ash Shams.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 14

PANEL ONE

Quarter page tall, full page wide. Inside a Starbucks Coffee Shop. The chairs have all been piled in a corner and the tables pushed together with maps, rifles and gear spread out across them. In front of the table, a NYPD SWAT Team leader is in a screaming match with a Colonel from the National Guard.

SWAT LEADER
Where the hell are your tanks? My men are getting slaughtered out there by that freak and his armored sidekick!

NG COLONEL
You know how long it takes to move tanks across Midtown Manhattan? They’re an hour away and I got nothing else which can scratch that goddamn floating cockroach!

GOLOVIN (O.S.)
I do.

PANEL TWO

Quarter page tall, full page wide. Golovin and Pinckney stand there in full Stormwatch Sniper Gear. Pinckney is looking at her crossly: he doesn’t like being called her adjutant.

GOLOVIN
Captain Galena Golovin, United Nations Stormwatch. This is my assistant, Sgt. Pinckney. We have a operational plan to remove the two criminals in front of the United Nations.

PINCKNEY
Your Assistant?

PANEL THREE

Quarter page tall, full page wide. The National Guard Colonel puffs himself up big and leans in, trying to overpower Golovin. She’s stone cold, upright and rigid. Pinckney covers his eyes at panel right: he knows what’s coming.

NG COLONEL
Look, Lady, I don’t know who the Hell you think you are, but I’m not about to take orders from some split-tailed foreign cooze.

PINCKNEY
Here we go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Quarter page tall, full page wide. Golovin's hand is on the colonel's crotch, lifting him two inches off the floor and crushing his balls. He's in so much agony he can't even scream. All of the other men in the room are wincing.

GOLOVIN

I need your best Helicopter pilot. If you agree to help me, squeak softly.

NG COLONEL

Neeek.

GOLOVIN

I thought you might see things my way.

PAGE 15

PANEL ONE

Third page tall, half page wide. Stormwatch HQ. Tefibi stares at the security monitors. Onscreen is a man with no face under his coiled black turban. This is HASSAN I-SABBAH, the leader of our terrorists.

TEFIBI
Colonel Santini, sir, you’re going to want to take a look at this. I think they’re issuing some kind of demands.

I-SABBAH
I see you, America, I smell your fear. Know this: I am Hassan I-Sabbah, The Bloody Hand of Jihad and I shall not rest until you are dead.

PANEL TWO

Third page tall, half page wide. Close shot on the TV screen. Behind Hassan, several hostages are lined up by Shakoosh Kabir. He grabs the hair of a diplomat in an expensive suit.

I-SABBAH
This devil is the American ambassador to the United Nations. Here in this place of Evil, he and his kind terrorize and dominate all the world. We, the world, sentence him to death.

PANEL THREE

Third page tall, half page wide. Close shot on the TV screen. Shakoosh Kabir has punched through the Ambassador’s throat. The man’s body falls towards the ground. His head remains in Kabir’s outstretched left hand, hanging by its hair.

I-SABBAH
Next we have the Ambassador from Britain, the devils who dominated and subdivided our Arab World throughout the 1920s. Witness your chickens come home to roost, Britain.

PANEL FOUR

Third page tall, half page wide. On Santini in the control room. He’s shouting into his fetish. On the TV, Shakoosh Kabir is punching through another diplomat’s neck.

SANTINI
Christ, they’ve got no demands... They’re just going to kill everyone in the building! Stormwatch One, what’s the status on those assholes outside?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

Third page tall, full page wide. Pinckney leans out of a window in a tall building across the street from the UN. He’s shouting into his fetish. A National Guard Apache Helicopter roars past his window.

PINCKNEY

We’re beginning Phase One now, Sir.

PAGE 16

PANEL ONE

Quarter page high, full page wide. Downshot angle on the helo as it speeds past the UN. Below and to the right we can see Ash Shams streaking diagonally up and around the riverside of the UN to chase and destroy the helo.

PANEL TWO

Quarter page high, full page wide. On Pinckney and Golovin. Pinckney' aims a 50-cal sniper rifle and beside him Golovin aims a strange projectile weapon with a coiled wire reel. A plug hangs off of her weapon's stock and is plugged into the hotel wall.

PINCKNEY
There goes his air cover. Fire!

PANEL THREE

Quarter page high, half page wide. Golovin fires her weird weapon.

CAPTION
Scientists discovered in the 1950s that the Electromagnetic Pulse created by an exploding Nuclear Bomb can destroy electronics.

PANEL FOUR

Quarter page high, half page wide. A pineapple-sized projectile speeds towards the Steel Scarab's bugship, trailing a thin black wire behind it.

CAPTION
Since discover of EMP, Scientists have to sought to exploit EMP weaknesses without having to detonate Nuclear weapons. The Holy Grail is a weapon which could choose one specific target without affecting anything around it.

PANEL FIVE

Quarter page high, full page wide. Inside the bug ship. The Steel Scarab's viewscreens are filled with images of Hassan I-Sabbah with the names of different Network feeds Scarab has hijacked typed below his face; NBC, CBS, ABC, CNN, etc.

CAPTION
Enter Khalid Tefibi, Stormwatch's resident mechanical genius.

PAGE 17

PANEL ONE

Quarter page high, half page wide. Same shot, but narrower. Now the entire cabin is arcing blue-white electrical bursts. The Steel Scarab throws his hands over his face to protect himself from exploding flat-panel displays.

STEEL SCARAB
Sacre Merde!

PANEL TWO

Quarter page high, half page wide. The Steel Scarab’s bugship falls from the sky, impacting hard on the ground.

PANEL THREE

Quarter page high, full page wide. Behind the police line outside the UN, the Scarab’s ship has fallen from the sky and lies upside down on its back like a dying cockroach. In the foreground, cops are standing up from behind their cars, shotguns in hand.

POLICEMAN
He’s down! Kill that motherfucker!

PANEL FOUR

Quarter page high, half page wide. Sticking his head outside of his broken bug ship, the Scarab sees a swarm of police running towards him.

STEEL SCARAB
Merde, merde, merde!

PANEL FIVE

Quarter page high, half page wide. The Scarab makes a break for it across the UN plaza, firing a huge multi-barrelled weapon at the police as he scampers.

NO DIALOG

PANEL SIX

Quarter page high, full page wide. Bullets shatter through each of The Scarab’s ankles, knees, and hips. He’s got a really surprised look on his face, boy howdy.

SOUND EFX
Twackt. Twackt.Twackt.Twackt.Twackt.Twackt.

PAGE 18

PANEL ONE

Quarter page high, full page wide. In the room with Pinckney and Golovin. Pinckney looks over at Golovin, sneering. Golovin holds a new weapon, one which looks more like a hip-fired mortar. She's loading it down the muzzle with huge round Foster's Lager-can sized rounds.

PINCKNEY
Ankles, knees, hips, five non-fatal shots delivered while he was falling from the first shot. Have you ever seen any bloody *ASSISTANT* shoot like that?

GOLOVIN
It was not badly done, my dutiful assistant.

PINCKNEY
Not badly done? Strewth, woman, what's it take to impress you?

PANEL TWO

Quarter page high, half page wide. On the UN Plaza level, Scarab lies on the UN plaza screaming and holding his punctured legs directly beneath the famous UN statue of the farmer beating his sword into a plowshare.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Quarter page high, half page wide. Vividly aflame, Ash Shams floats through the air, above the Scarab. He waves his left arm and incinerates an entire line of policemen moving towards the Scarab.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

Quarter page high, half page wide. Shams bends over the agonizing Scarab. Shams' flame halo wisps away off of him, revealing a teenaged boy no older than 15 or so. He's not a normal human, though, he's a sentient gaseous organism along the lines of Hellstrike or Fuji. He has a non-human color to his translucent skin and bubbling liquid hydrogen beneath.

STEEL SCARAB
Ash Shams! I need for you to cauterize these bullet holes before I bleed to death!

ASH SHAMS
I am not a doctor. What can I do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEEL SCARAB

Just light up your fingers and push them through the holes until the skin crisps over.

PANEL FIVE

Quarter page high, half page wide. Suddenly three cannisters the size of Foster’s Lager cans bounce past Scarab’s head, spewing a fine mist everywhere. The Scarab sniffs at the air.

STEEL SCARAB

What’s that?

ASH SHAMS

The police are trying to use tear gas on me. Imagine. Tear Gas. It is time for me to teach these bugs what real power is.

PANEL SIX

Quarter page high, two thirds page wide. Camera near the ground on Scarab’s face as he realizes just what that mist covering him and Ash Shams is.

STEEL SCARAB

No, Kid! Don’t light up! That’s not Tear Gas!

CAPTION

It’s a fine aerosol mist of aluminum nitrate slurry and Ethylene oxide combined with the oxygen in the atmosphere... the results can be rather startling when ignited by an external heat source.

PANEL SEVEN

Quarter page high, one third page wide. Ash Shams flicks his bic and lights up. Flame On, Dude!

CAPTION

Such as a nuclear-powered terrorist.

PAGE 19

PANEL ONE

Half page high, full page wide. A tremendous explosion in the middle of the UN Plaza. Burnt-out cop cars are tossed through the air like Hot Wheels.

CAPTION TOP LEFT
It’s called a fuel-air explosion and it can produce an detonation close in intensity to that of a nuclear bomb.

CAPTION BOTTOM RIGHT
Due to the rapid consumption of fuel, these explosions tend to cause less property damage, especially in a wide-open areas.

PANEL TWO

Quarter page high, full page wide. In the Stormwatch HQ. Dust falls from the ceiling, everyone holds onto something as the ground rumbles from the explosion above. Santini yells into his fetish. Coleman and Cisco are running into a glowing red circle.

SANTINI
Stormwatch Two, we are greenlight for insertion. Go while they’re still disoriented from the explosion!

PANEL THREE

Quarter page tall, half page wide. Finland. Jukko and Jaeger standing in front of the glowing red circle, Jaeger loaded down with guns. Jaeger has a concerned look on his face.

JAEGER
Did they brief you on the teleporter?

JUKKO
No. Why? Is there something unusual about it?

PANEL FOUR

Quarter page tall, half page wide. They step through it, back to back, Jukko first, then Jaeger following, walking backwards, weapon raised, totally prepared.

JAEGER
Just watch my back, kill anything that moves and try not to vomit on me.

PAGE 20

PANEL ONE

Third page high, full page wide. Inside the UN Security Council room, big red circles open behind Hassan I-Sabbah, Shakoosh Kabir and the mist which makes up Aswad Ziballa. A huge pile of corpses wearing suits litters the floor. Several hostages cower in a corner.

PANEL TWO

Third page high, third page wide. Close frontal shot on I-Sabbah pointing OS towards the hostages. The red circle is barely visible behind him.

I-SABBAH

Kill them! Quickly!

PANEL THREE

Third page high, third page wide. Sabbah’s head explodes in a fine mist as a heated round of highly charged aluminum passes out of Coleman’s Gauss Gun and through Sabbah’s skull. Coleman stands behind his slumping dead body.

COLEMAN

If you insist.

PANEL FOUR

Third page high, third page wide. tendrils whip up from I-Sabbah’s neck as he grows a new head. Gross. Coleman is worried.

COLEMAN

Well Fuck me Silly.

PANEL FIVE

Third page high, full page wide. Aswad Ziballa’s mists strike out at Jaeger Weiss and Luis Cisco (emerging from teleport circles on panel left) like giant pointy razorsharp wings. Jaeger and Cisco left fill her full of automatic rifle bullets, but they pass right through her incorporeal form, leaving swirling eddies of black mist floating behind her.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 21

PANEL ONE

Quarter page tall, full page wide. Over the shoulder of Shakoosh Kabir as he walks towards the cowering hostages. Between he and the hostages stands Jukko, unarmed.

JUKKO
Surrender now and I promise that you will live.

PANEL TWO

Quarter page tall, half page wide. On Shakoosh Kabir, snarling, flexing his muscles.

SHAKOOSH KABIR
I will never surrender. I am a living weapon, the ultimate of human potential. I have fought you a thousand times already in my mind. You lost this fight before you ever faced me.

SHAKOOSH KABIR
(small word balloon at bottom of panel)
Why are you smiling?

PANEL THREE

Quarter page tall, half page wide. On Jukko. He’s smiling again! Make him stop!

JUKKO
I love hearing you freaks say things like that. It makes it all the more rewarding when I snap your necks.

PANEL FOUR

Quarter page tall, full page wide. Shakoosh Kabir launches himself at Camera. It’s all very frightening.

SHAKOOSH KABIR
Eeeeeeyaaaaaaaah-

PAGE 22

PANEL ONE

Quarter page tall, full page wide. Jukko's bent forearm and elbow catches Shakoosh in the neck in midair.

SHAKOOSH KABIR
Gurk.

PANEL TWO

Thin wedge of a panel. One Sound Effects word only.

SOUND EFX
BAHWOOOOM!

PANEL THREE

Third page tall, third page wide. Coleman and I-Sabbah stare upwards, mystified. Coleman has his knife buried in I-Sabbah's face, but it's not slowed him down any.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

Third page tall, third page wide. Aswad has a pointed mist tendril drilled through Cisco's shoulder like a sword while Jaeger stands amongst her mists. All three of them stare upwards.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FIVE

Third page tall, half page wide. Jukko with his arm around Shakoosh Kabir's neck about to snap it. He and Shakoosh stare upwards, their fight forgotten.

PANEL SIX

Bottom half of the page. Big establishing shot of GIANT, floating in a hole he's just torn through the wall. We can see the tops of some of the characters' heads... They're looking up at GIANT. He's all smiles and hair... He's still the good guy here.

GIANT
Did somebody call for a Superhero?

PANEL SEVEN

Inset panel over the big panel. bottom right corner. Close-up of Santini in the control room.

SANTINI
Now just who the Hell is this loser?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTION

To be continued.

That’s it for this issue, kids! Come back next month for the exciting conclusion. Covered next issue: the end of this fight, the discovery who hired the terrorists, and a confrontation with the UN Secret Security Council. All this, Kaizen Gamorra, Jack Hawksmoor and the Pope as guest stars. See you in 30.

REFERENCE FOR THIS ISSUE:

FUEL-AIR BOMBS
http://news.bbc.co.uk/hi/english/static/in_depth/world/2001/fuel_air/default.stm

CENTRAL PARK: http://www.centralparknyc.org

See also: *Marathon Man* starring Dustin Hoffman.

THE UNITED NATIONS:

Online Virtual Tour:
http://www.un.org/Pubs/CyberSchoolBus/untour/index.html

Here’s a 360-degree Panoramic Quicktime of the Security Council chamber: http://www.un.org/cyberschoolbus/untour/subsec.htm

Gauss Guns (also called Coil Guns)
http://www.powerlabs.org/coilguns.htm

The original Hasan-i Sabbah:
http://www.disinfo.com/pages/dossier/id985/pg1/

Bloody Hand of Jihad

Blue Beetle = Steel Scarab
Captain Atom = Ash Shams (The Sun)
Question = Hasan-i Sabbah (name of ancient medieval cultist)
Thunderbolt = Shakoosh Kabir (Sledge Hammer)
Nightshade = Aswad Ziballa (Black Garbage)
Peacemaker = Hamat & Hamoq
(intelligent anger & irrational anger)